

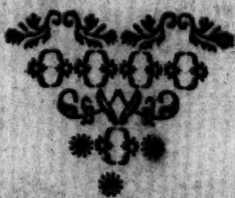
REDEMPTION:

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A

P O E M.

By HENRY BROOKE, Esq; *K*



L O N D O N:

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M D C C L X X I I.

R E D E M P T I O N :

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T C O M E S ; the wild, the long expected Morn--

Thou son of MAN, Thou son of GOD, be born!

Lo, He descends, and bows the yielding knees;

To meet Him, the exulting valleys rise;

Death shinks and trembles, fearing to be slain;

And all Hell quakes, throughout its deep domain.

Yet comes He not, array'd in Worldly show,

Nor in the Weakness of Man's Pow'r below:



In Human flesh, his GODHEAD HE

Human Form, IMMANENT HE

R E D E M P T I O N.

IT C O M E S; the wish'd, the long expected Morn---

Thou SON OF MAN, Thou SON OF GOD, be born!

Lo, He descends, and bows the yielding skies;

To meet Him, the exulting valleys rise:

Death shrinks and trembles, fearing to be slain;

And all Hell quakes, throughout its deep domain.

Yet comes He not, array'd in Worldly Show,

Nor in the Weakness of Man's Pow'r below:

In Human flesh, his GODHEAD He conceals;

In Human Form, IMMENSITY He veils:

B

Eternal

Eternal, He assumes a Mortal Frame;

And, in Subjection, Lo, the World's SUPREME!

'Tis come; the Day of Health, the Saving Morn-

THE SON OF GOD, THE BABE OF LOVE is born!

Behold, all Heav'n descends upon the Wing,

And choiring Angels "Glory, Glory!" sing,

"Glory to GOD, from Whom such Bounties flow!

"And Peace on Earth, Good-Will to Man below!"

"Tidings we bring, Glad Tidings of Free Grace,

"Tidings of Joy to All of Human Race!

"The Promis'd Day is come, the Great Event-

"To you A Child is born, A Son is sent;

"A Saviour, CHRIST, The Lowly, The Supreme,

"Gracious to pardon, Mighty to redeem!

"Within his Hand the nations shall be weigh'd,

"The world upon his Infant-Shoulder laid!

"His name is WONDERFUL; He shall be fill'd

"THE GOD OF POW'R, the All-embracing Child;

"Th'imbofom'd Sun, whose Inward Beam imparts

"Wisdom to Souls, THE COUNSELLOR of Hearts,

"Whose

" Whose Days nor know **Commencement** nor **Increase**;
 " **THE EVERLASTING FATHER, PRINCE OF PEACE**,
 " Your **SAVING GOD**, in **Bethlehem**, ye shall find;
 " Swath'd in a crib, on humbling straw reclin'd;
 " He, who all things unites and comprehends,
 " To stable with his lowliest brutes descends.
 " Your Songs, your Songs, ye Morning Stars employ;
 " And, all ye Sons of Glory, shout for Joy!"

Approaching Seraphim the Babe surround,
 And, with adoring rev'rence, bow profound;
 Amaz'd to see their **INFINITE** confin'd,
THE ANCIENT OF ALL DAYS in Infancy inshrind.
 With wond'ring eye, they pierce his filmy skin
 And lucid flesh, when, Lo, a Heav'n within,
 Wide as the round where yonder planets roll,
 Though stretch'd to infinite from either pole;
 Love, to whose Depth no Measure can descend;
 And Bliss, encircling Blessings, without End.

See the dear, little, helpless, mighty Hands;
 So meekly yielded to maternal bands!

'Tis theirs the Pow'r's of **Darkness to repel,**
 To crush the Pride of **Earth, and Hate of Hell;**
 To lift the Fall'n, to prop the **Feeble Knee,**
 To set the Pris'ners of His **Israel free;**
 To burst the Iron Gates of **Sin and Pain,**
 To number **Time and Death among the Slain;**
 Captive to lead Captivity on high,
 Follow'd by blood-bought **Myriads through the Sky;**
 His Kingdom in **Eternal Peace to found,**
 And beam forth **Blessings without end or bound.**

Ye Sophists, who, with **Scientific Lore,**
 Nature's recluse arcana would **explore;**
 Who, in your **Dreams of Fancy, mould and wield**
 The mazy worlds of yon **empyrean field,**
 And boast to have **retrac'd, by Reason's force,**
 Th'unmeasur'd Chain of **Sequels to their Source;**
 Come forward with your **Length and Depth of Thought,**
 And see all Human Learning **set at nought:**
 Here, try to **metè, to compass, to define,**
 And plumb your **GOD with your Five-fathom'd Line!**

Ye Mighty too, beneath whose ~~mighty~~ ^{royal} brow
Pale vassals shake, and ~~horrible~~ ^{horrific} nations bow;
Perish your Pride! and let your ~~glories~~ ^{glories} fade
Lo, Nature's Monarch in a Manger laid
Behold, THE WORD, at whose Creative Might
The Heav'ns and Earth sprung forth to Form and Light,
In LOVE descends, unutterably mild,
And smiles the World's Salvation--IN A CHILD!

No clarions, yet, proclaim Him King of Kings,
No Ensigns speak Him THE SUPREME of Things.
Humbly he lays his Purple Robe aside,
Until, for Man, it shall in Blood be dy'd;
Nor shall the Crown his Regal Brow adorn,
Till his Love twist it of the Pointed Thorn!

Ah, FATHER, Author, GOD of Boundless Grace!
What, what is Man, with all his recreant Race,
That they with THINE own Jesus should be weigh'd;
And, for their Ransom, such a Price be paid?

'Tis true, that Man from his Creator came
All-bright, as from the Sun his effluent Beam;

Lord of these Heav'ns and Earth, the Seas that flow;
 The Lands that germinate, and Stars that glow;
 Lovely without, and glorious all within;
 He knew no Sorrow, for he knew no Sin.
 His Will was with THE FATHER'S Will inform'd;
 His Love was with The Love of Jesus warm'd;
 Th'ETERNAL LIGHT, that lights the solar Ray,
 Shed forth the Peace of his Diviner Day;
 He felt the Bliss of the SUPREME BLESS'D,
 And GOD's Own Heav'n was open'd in his Breast.

But ah! he yet was frail, nor understood
 There's but ONE WILL, ALL-JUST, ALL-WISE, ALL-GOD;
 THE WILL, throughout the Universe, who knows,
 Alone, to MAKE, to FIT, and to DISPOSE;
 The Wretch, who dares a Diff'rent Will to frame,
 Brings War into the Works of Heav'n's Supreme;
 Of Pow'r would ev'n Omnipotence defraud,
 And blasts his Being in the Will of God.

Hence, Man, so great, so glorious, and so good,
 Was tempted from the Tow'r in which he stood

Lur'd, by external Bait of sensual Taste,
 He wish'd to gratify; he long'd to feast;
 The Good of his Subjected World to know;
 Distinct from God, to win a Heav'n below;
 To found a New Dominion of his own,
 And reign sufficient to himself alone.

INGRATE!--O stop thee on the headlong Brink!
 Ere thou dost take the fearful Venture,--think!
 Think, from THE GOD thou wilt forego,
 All that thou art, thy Bliss and Being flow;
 And, can the Creatures yield thee, should they list,
 More than THE Source where thou and they exist?
 Of thy CREATOR if thou art bereft,
 Think, to REDEEM, no other GOD is left.
 He listens not,---th'Infernal Pow'r impell:
 He long'd, he pluck'd, he tasted,---and he fell.

O, what a Fall! a Steep from High to Low!
 Extremes of Bliss, to what Extremes of Woe!
 Plumb, from his Heav'n, this Second Angel fell
 Down his own Depth, his God abandon'd Hell.

Horror of Horrors! Darkness and Despair!
He look'd for Comfort—but no Glean was there!

O LOVE, LOVE, LOVE! stupendous, wide, and deep!
High o'er all Heights; below Damnation deep!
In vain the desp'rate Rebel would essay,
From Thee to tear his Being, far away,
Thy Saving Hand arrests his prone Career;
For, to Thy Presence, ev'ry Place is—Here!

For him Thou hadst prepar'd a mediate Seat,
Meet for his Taste, and fitting to his State;
A Seat of fleshly Organs, gross and frail,
To Dissolution doom'd, and form'd to fail.

He wakes to a new World, and, with new Eyes,
Sees unknown Elements, and unknown Skies;
The Husk and Surface of that bless'd Abode,
Where late he dwelt, internal, with his GOD.

He turns his Eyes upon his Carnal Frame,
And sees it, All, a Seat of Filth and Shame;
Fellow'd with Brutes, with Brutes to take his Bed,
Like Brutes to propagate, be born, and fed.

But diff'rent, far, the Table and the Treat;
 Earth is their Heav'n, their Home, and native Seat;
 For Brutes, unmean'd, the ready Banquet lies,
 Apt to their Taste, and obvious to their Eyes;
 But Man must wring it from a Grudging Soil,
 And win scant Sustenance with Sweat and Toil.

He looks abroad, and sees the new-dropt Fawn
 Cloath'd without Care, and frisking on the Lawn;
 But finds his own New Carcass bleak and bare,
 And shiv'ring in a strange and hostile Air.
 Yet know, O Man, that All which can betide
 From hard-fang'd Av'rice, or o'erbearing Pride,
 That Art can compass from the Flood or Field,
 All that these Four-fold Elements can yield,
 Is barely to afford thee Warmth and Bread,
 Like Fellow-Brutes to be array'd and fed;
 But ah, All, All, incapable, as Wind,
 To yield one Morsel to the Famish'd Mind.

This the Wretch finds (beguil'd by Dev'lish Fraud)
 The Sum of All, for which he left his GOD;

The Sum of all the Good; he yet was blind
To half the Evils that came close behind.

Late, Lord of Land and Water, Air and Flame,
He wielded, at his Will, their cumbrous Frame;
Could pierce Earth's dark and various Entrails, through;
Could call forth all their Wonders to his View;
Through minim Forms th'internal Maze could trace,
And lift the broad-back'd Mountains from their Base.
To him, of ev'ry Foliage, Flow'r, and Blade,
The Fabric, Use, and Beauty lay display'd;
Of living Specks he pierc'd the fine Machine,
And open'd to himself the World within;
Saw All with Glory, as with Skill, replete;
And track'd the Artift to his Inmost Seat.

But now, fall'n, fall'n from his Imperial Tow'r,
'Reft of his Glory, empty'd of his Pow'r;
Degraded, hurl'd from his Celestial Steep,
And sunk in Flesh, a Dungeon dark and deep;
(Distance immense in Nature, not in Space,
But wider, wider far, than Place from Place!)

Th'insulting

Th'insulting Elements their Lord controul,
And cast their Four-fold Fetters round his Soul

Dethron'd, debas'd, without as from within,
Enslav'd by Matter, since enslav'd by Sin,
Corruption to its kindred Mass lays Claim,
And, ent'ring, seizes his devoted Frame
Distemper follows, with his Gloomy Throng,
Bearing Pests, Stings, and Fires, and Racks along;
Languor that saps, and rueful Throwes that grind;
With Death, who shakes the Certain Dart behind.

Already, o'er the sad subjected Wight,
The Lordly Elements exert their Right;
And, on his Limbs, their Baneful Influence cast,
Parch'd in the Beam, or shiv'ring in the Blast
While high, o'er head, the gath'ring Vapours frown,
And, on his Anguish, look un pitying down;
Then flash in Thunders, or in Tempest pour,
And on his Members dash the pelting Show'rs

But worse, far worse within, Black Storms infest
And shake the Sphere of his Benighted Breast

Still, round and round, the Whirling Passions tend,
And his sad Heart with horrid Conflict rend;
Impatience, Rage, Despair, untam'd Desire,
And Hate, impregnate with Infernal Fire;
He calls for Death, and would have Ruin hurl'd
At Heav'n, himself, the Tempter, and the World.

But God, the ONE ETERNAL THIRST TO BLESS,
Ey'd his Estate, and pity'd his Distress.

"ADAM," he said, and look'd Unmeasur'd Grace,

"ADAM, thou'rt fall'n, and fall'n is all thy Race:

"Such as the Tree is, such will be the Fruit;

"The Branch must bear the Flavour of the Root.

"Late I was in thee Love, and Pow'r, and Will;

"My Glory did thy Soul and Body fill;

"But, laps'd from me, thy Spirit and thy Frame

"Sink to the Principles from whence they came:

"Thy Soul to its own helpless fierce Desire,

"A rueful Whirl of dark tormenting Fire;

"Thy Body to the Grossness of its Birth,

"Corruption to Corruption, Earth to Earth.

"If,

" If, in thy Strength, thou didst not hold thy State,
 " How shall thy Weakness reassume its Seat;
 " How, from thy Pit of Flesh, so dull and deep,
 " Cast off the Cumbrance, and ascend the Steep?
 " For, by the Road thou'st fall'n, as is most just,
 " Through the same Road, O Man, return thou must;
 " To Strength through Weakness, and to Peace through Strife,
 " To Bliss through Anguish, and through Death to Life.
 " But this No Creature, not The Seraph can,
 " Though once in GOD so mighty; less can Man:
 " This, therefore, Adam, thou canst never do;
 " Thou in THY GOD, then, must be BORN ANEW;
 " Born a New Creature of a Seed Divine,
 " Reborn, O Adam, of THY SON AND MINE;
 " Thou The OLD FATHER of Man's Fall'n Estate,
 " He The NEW SIRE who shall regain their Seat.
 " Foil'd by a Dev'lish Foe, thy Weakness fell,
 " Captive to Sense, and Sin, and Death, and Hell;
 " In Weakness, therefore, must His Strength prevail,
 " Though Sense, and Sin, and Death, and Hell assail;

- " As Man, in human Flesh and Frailty, Hell
 " Must conquer All, O Man, that conquer'd thee.
 " Yes, from my Bosom my Belov'd I give,
 " That my lost Creatures may return, and live.
 " He, for your Sakes, shall lay his Glory by;
 " For You be born, and suffer, gasp, and die;
 " The Price of Guilt my Holy-One shall pay,
 " And tread, of Death and Hell, the bitterest Way.
 " You, by His Fetters, can alone be freed;
 " To wash your Stains, the LAMB OF LOVE must bleed;
 " So shall his Woe turn all your Woe to Weal,
 " His Bruises med'cine, and his Woundings heal.
 " Hence Man, apostate Man, so deeply lost,
 " Shall weigh the Curs'd Commission, by the Cost;
 " Shall learn, as meet, to hold himself at Nought;
 " Shall feel he's all a Folly, all a Fault;
 " In deep Abasement lift his suppliant Eyes,
 " In Lowliness alone be taught to rise;
 " In Tears, in Anguish, shall his Guilt deplore,
 " Shall call on CHRIST who can alone restore;

" By Him supported, shall affirm his Ground,
 " Shall struggle with the Chains by which he's bound;
 " Disclaim, detest the World, in which he fell;
 " Oppose his champion'd Soul to Flesh and Hell;
 " With his Old Worm, his Sin, and Self undone,
 " And catch, and cling to my ALL-SAVING SON !

" This in due Time.

" JESUS, mean-while, shall steal, like doubtful Morn,
 " Into the Breasts of All of Woman born;
 " There shed his Dawn of Coeternal Light,
 " There struggle with their Length and Depth of Night;
 " A solid Gloom, which He alone can melt;
 " Which, like Ægyptian Darkness, may be felt,
 " His Seed, in Flesh, My HOLY-ONE shall sow,
 " And give it Strength to root, and Grace to grow;
 " Man within Man, begotten from above,
 " Bearing the Likeness of THE SON OF LOVE;
 " Sons of My Son, ordain'd to see my Face;
 " All Embryon Heirs of Glory and of Grace;

- “ But not mature to wing their native Skies,
 “ Till their New Adam shall from Death arise;
 “ Thus the New Offspring shall the Old put off,
 “ Making a Double Manhood, Two in One;
 “ Of diff’rent Principles, of diff’rent Sires,
 “ Conceptions, Tastes, Enjoyments, and Desires;
 “ The One, as Earth, crude, grudging, grappling All
 “ To the Dark Center of its Craving Ball;
 “ The Other, as the Sun, benign and bright,
 “ A Going forth on All in Life and Light.
 “ Hence, through the Course of their sublunar Life,
 ● Though Brother’d, they shall be at Truceless Strife:
 “ What One approves, the Other shall reject;
 “ What One detests, the Other shall affect.
 “ So Man, at once, shall court what he’ll condemn,
 “ Neglect yet rev’rence, do what he’ll condemn;
 “ At once transgress, and with he could fulfill;
 “ Be righteous and unrighteous, Good and Ill;
 “ Bearing the Witness and the Seal, within,
 “ Of New and Old, the Man of Grace and Sin,

" The Heart-writ Story of his Rise and Fall,
 " The Gospel of his Freedom and his Thrall.
 " Thy Elder Offspring, Adam, grown and strong,
 " Frequent, shall drag his Younger Mate along;
 " Like Huge Leviathan, shall trust to play,
 " And rule at large in his Congenial Sea;
 " But Mine within his Jaws a Barb shall place,
 " And check the headlong Monster in his Race.
 " The Younger Heir, invisibly, within,
 " Shall oft convict his Outward Mate of Sin;
 " Reprove with Judgment, and reform betimes;
 " Or, with a Whip, call'd CONSCIENCE, lash his Crimes:
 " So may the Bless'd th' Accursed One subdue,
 " And the Old Man, at length, refine into the New!
 " Nor grudge I, Adam, those Fall'n Sons of thine,
 " Flesh of thy Flesh, to share a Seat with Mine,
 " By Him sublim'd into a Nobler Sphere;
 " So they slay not their Younger Brothers, here.
 " But, through much Grief, this Glory must be won;
 " Flesh, foil'd by Sin, by Death must be undone;

" Must drop the World, wherein it felt its Force,
 " And, Giant-like, rejoic'd to run its Course;
 " Must drop each Organ of its late Delight;
 " Must bid a long Adieu to Sense and Sight,
 " A long Adieu to ev'ry darling Lust;
 " Must yield its passive Members, Dust to Dust,
 " Within the Potter's Furnace to be fin'd,
 " And leave its Grossness, with its Guilt, behind.
 " Meanpace, those Forms of Flesh, those Sons of Sin,
 " Shall serve to hold my Priceless Pearls within;
 " As Golden Grain within prolific Clay,
 " To shoot and ripen tow'rd a future Day,
 " Yon Maggot, vilest Offspring of vile Earth,
 " Answers the Genial Baseness of his Birth;
 " Lo, where he rolls and batterns, with delight,
 " In Filth, to Smell offensive, foul to Sight!
 " Well pleas'd, he drinks the Stench, the Dirt devours,
 " And prides him in the Puddle of his Powers;
 " Careless, unconscious of the Beauteous Guest,
 " Th' Internal Speck committed to his Breast.

" Yet,

" Yet, in his Breast, **The Internal Speck** grows warm,
 " And quickens into **Motion, Life, and Form**;
 " Far other Form than **That its Post'rer bore**,
 " High o'er its Parent-**Worm** ordain'd to **soar**.
 " The Son, still growing as the **Sire** decays,
 " In **Radiant Plumes** his **Infant Shape** arrays,
 " **Matures**, as in a soft and **silent Womb**,
 " Then, opening, **peeps from his Paternal Tomb**;
 " Now, **struggling**, breaks at once into the **Day**,
 " Tries his young **Limbs**, and bids his **Wings** display,
 " **Expands** his **Lineaments**, erects his **Face**,
 " Rises sublime o'er all the **Reptile Race**;
 " From **Dew-dropt Blossoms** sips the **Nectar'd Stream**,
 " And basks within the **Glory of the Beam**.
 " Thus, to a **Sensual**, to a **Sinful Shrine**,
 " The **SAVIOUR** shall entrust His **Speck-Divine**;
 " In secret **animate** His **Chosen Seed**,
 " Fill with His **Love**, and with His **Substance** feed;
 " Inform it with **Sensations of His Own**,
 " And give it **Appetites**, to **Flesh** unknown.

- " So shall the Lusts of Man's Old Warm give place;
 " His Fervour languish, and his Force decrease;
 " Till spoil'd of ev'ry Object, gross or vain,
 " His Pride and Passions humbled, crush'd, and slain;
 " From a false world to his First Kingdom won,
 " His Will, and Sin, and Sense, and Self undone;
 " His Inward Man from Death shall break away,
 " And soar, and mingle with Eternal Day!"

This, (in a word) THE FATHER spoke---and freight
 THE SON descended from above all Height,
 Upon the Chaos of Man's World He came,
 And pierc'd the Darknes with His Living Beam;
 Then cast a Rein on the Reluctant Will,
 And bid the Tempest of the Soul be still.

The Good from Evil He did then divide,
 And set Man's Darknes from GOD's Light aside;
 Wide, from the Heart, He bids His Will be done,
 And there plac'd CONSCIENCE as a Central Sun;
 Whence REASON, like the Moon, derives, by Night,
 A weak, a borrow'd, and a dubious Light.

But, down the Soul's Abyss, a Region dire,
 He caus'd the Stygian Horrors to retire;
 From whence ascends the Gloom of many a Pest,
 Dark'ning The Beam of Heav'n within the Breast;
 Atrocious Intimations, Causeless Care,
 Distrust, and Hate; and Rancour, and Despair.
 As in Creation, when The Word gave Birth
 To ev'ry Offspring of the teeming Earth,
 He now conceiv'd high fruits of Happier Use,
 And bid the Heart and Head of Man produce:
 Then branch'd the Pregnant Will, and went abroad
 Upon the Chaos of the Dark'ning GOD;
 And pierc'd the Sweets of its Internal GOD;
 Then cast a Rain on the fragrant Throng,
 Bearing the Heart-sent Charities along;
 The Good from Evil He did separate,
 And let Man's Darkness from His Blessing
 Within the very Act of Blessing, blest;
 Desires that press Another's Weight to bear,
 To soothe their Anguish, to partake their Care;
 Pains that can please, and Grievs that Joys excite;
 Bruises that balm, and Tears that drop Delight.

GOD saw the Seed was Precious, and began To bless His OWN REDEEMING WORK in Man.

Nor less, the Pregnant Region of the Mind
Brought forth Conceptions suited to its Kind;
Faint Emblems, yet of virtue to proclaim
That PARENT-SPIRIT, whence our Spirits came,
Spirits that, like their GOD, with mimic Skill,
Produce New Forms and Images at will;
Thoughts that from Earth, with wing'd emotion, soar,
New Tracts expatiate, and New Worlds explore;
Backward, through Space and through Duration, run,
Passing the Bounds of All that e'er begun;
Then, as a Glance of Lightning, forward flee,
Straining to reach at All that e'er shall be.

THUS, in the Womb of Man's Abyss are sown
Natures, Worlds, Wonders, to himself unknown.
A Comprehension, a Mysterious Plan
Of all Th'Almighty Works of GOD, is Man;
From Hell's dire Depth to Heav'n's supremest Height,
Including Good and Evil, Dark and Light.

What shall we call This Son of Grace and Sin?

This Dæmon, This Divinity within,

This Flame Eternal, This soul mould'ring God,

A Fiend, or SERAPH--A Poor Worm, or GOD?

O, the Fell Conflict, the Intestine Strife,

This Clash of Good and Evil, Death and Life,

What, what are all the Wars of Sea and Wind,

Or Wreck of Matter, to This War of Mind?

Two Minds in One, and Each a Truceless Guest,

Rending the Sphere of our Distracted Breast!

Who shall deliver, in a Fight so fell,

Who save from this Intestine Dog of Hell?

GOD! Thou hast said, that Nature shall decay,

And all yon Starr'd Expansion pass away:

That, in Thy Wrath, Pollution shall expire,

The Sun himself consume with Hotter Fire;

The Melting Earth forsake its Form and Face,

These Elements depart, but find no Place,

Succeeded by a Peaceful Bless'd Serene,

New Heav'ns and Earth, wherein the Just shall reign.

O then, upon The Same BENIGNANT PLAN,
 Sap, crush, consume This Mass of Ill, in Man
 Within this Transient Frame of Mould'ring Clay,
 Let Death's Cerberean Dæmon, have his Day;
 Let him tear off this World, the Nurse of Lust,
 Grind Flesh, and Sense, and Sin, and Self, to Dust:
 But O, preserve THE PRINCIPLE DIVINE;
 In Mind and Matter, save WHATE'ER IS THINE!
 O'er Time, and Pain, and Death, to be renew'd;
 Fill'd with our GOD, and with our GOD indu'd!



T H E E N D.

Errata. p. 17, l. 9, after *can*, put a semicolon; and l. 10, after *mighty*, put a comma.

